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THE WHALEMAN

AND

OTHER SEA-SONGS

By John Spollon

PUBLISHED AS A SOUVENIR

PRICE 25 CENTS

With the Publishers' Compliments
to Charles H. Taylor Jr.
patron of all that is
artistic in the whale fishery.

With Best Wishes
Mr. George A. Hough.
to C. H. T. Jr.

JOHN SPOLLON

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INTRODUCTION

> "The thought was seized upon by the people of New Bedford, who wondered that nobody had thought of the matter before."

The above is an extract from one of many articles written on the subject of "The Whaleman," and his Statue, which was proposed in a little song written and published ten years ago, come May.

There may be divers reasons, and none of them wonderful, why the suggestion was not offered before.

Perhaps people addicted to wondering are not given to thinking. The Scriptures show us in sundry places that people used to "marvel" an awful lot in the old times before the Public School became an Institution.

Maybe the industrious and thrifty people of New Bedford, with capacity for thought, do their thinking strictly along commercial lines—seeing that Sentiment does not pay.

The New Bedford Think-smith may be a Realist—running his Thought Factory with nothing in view but the shortest and easiest way to realize a dollar, and make that increase and multiply itself ad infinitum.

The Idealist who can get a sentimental thought printed in a journal devoted to trade and commerce may perhaps have some hypnotic influence over his friend the publisher; or the latter may himself be an idealist, unfortunately bound by chains of circumstance to sordid commerce.

Again, ten years ago in New Bedford, many of the people may have been thinking that it was high time for that rapidly growing city to have decent sidewalks and properly laid sewers. Such people would never think of ornamenting a park or public square with money that should be laid out on public utilities.

After all—there has always got to be a First Time; and it matters little who starts something so long as, once started, it keeps going.

The ballad, entitled "The Whaleman," first appeared in Fibre and Fabric—a Boston trade journal.

The New Bedford Standard promptly reprinted it, and strongly advocated the embodiment of the idea.

The fast-growing city, with its enormous necessary expenses, was not in the financial condition to undertake the work; and now, after the lapse of ten years, it has remained for a public-spirited citizen with generosity and civic pride, to present to the city a fitting memorial of the Whaleman.

Long may it stand—a monument, not only to the mariners who dragged wealth to the shore and laid the foundation of a great city, but to the munificence of William W. Crapo.

The Wreck of The Kathleen first appeared in The New Bedford Morning Mercury with this editorial comment prefixed:

> "The following verses were written by John Spollon, whose poem advocating a Whaleman's Monument inspired a movement which should not be permitted to lapse."

The following poems first appeared in The New Bedford Standard:

"The Old-Time Man o' War,"
"New Bedford."

"The Fisherman's Mother" is from a book entitled "Mary Ann, and Other Poems."

JOHN SPOLLON.

Old Town, Maine.

THE WHALEMAN
BY BELA L. PRATT

(William W. Crapo's gift to the City of New Bedford)

"Let his monument stand, with his harpoon in hand,
Sturdy son of the sea who dragged wealth to the land."

THE WHALEMAN

One evening in May I was watching the play
Of the wild restless waves rolling in from the Bay
At the breezy south end of the city,
And listening, meanwhile, to the ditty
  Of a mariner aged and gray;
"From where towered the masts of barques, schooners and smacks,
I turn to see rising those factory smokestacks,
And, I tell you, I think it a pity
That the Whaleman so hardy and gritty
  Is rapidly passing away.

"With two arms here the sea half encloses the place.
It resembles to me the despairing embrace
Of a mistress cast off and forsaken,
Who clings with affection unshaken
  To a lover grown cold and estranged.
I remember the time when her favors were sought;
But they had to be purchased and dearly were bought
By the bold rough-and-ready sea-ranger;
No wonder he turned to a stranger:
  Picked up a new love and is changed.

"Like the osprey he fared with his wings to the breeze;
Every danger he dared where his prey he could seize;
And no other land was left poorer
(Than this statement nothing is surer)
  For the riches he brought to this shore.
When the earth yielded oil it but altered his toil,
And he built the first factory on New Bedford soil.
While his city grows bigger and bigger
In cotton he cuts a new figure,
  For his work as a whaleman is o'er.

"Yet I heartily wish his old shape could be seen,
In marble or bronze, mounted here on the green,
As a Founder the town should remember
Till Sentiment's last glowing ember
  To ashes has faded away.
Let his monument stand, with his harpoon in hand,
Sturdy son of the sea who dragged wealth to the land
In defiance of hardship and danger;
For in this town he'll soon be a stranger,"
  Said the mariner aged and gray.

THE WRECK OF THE KATHLEEN

The battered hull of the barque Kathleen
Lies deep in the ocean bed.
Heading seaward she last was seen
With her snowy wings outspread
On another whaling voyage outbound.
As we watched her from the shore
We saw no signs that her graceful lines
Would charm our eyes no more.

For she'd safely steered through th' Arctic seas
With cargoes of oil bound home,
And had trimmed her sails to the stiffest breeze
That swept the Atlantic's foam.
But we know her fate. As it happened of late
No need to repeat the tale:
She was one of many a whaler wrecked
And sunk by a vengeful whale.

Let the Kathleen rest in her ocean grave;
She was only a lifeless thing.
But of many a long-lost whaleman brave
The praises I would sing.
Their bones are strewn among coral reefs
Or entombed in the frozen seas.
From each distant sea let their memory be
Borne home on the landward breeze.

We honor the hero behind the gun
Who shattered the foeman's fleet.
To the hero back of the poised harpoon
Like honor we should mete.
For his was a navy of gracious Peace
Great as that of victorious Strife,
At war against want, and he won increase
In the comforts and joys of life.

THE DELAWARE RIVER

There's a river flowing ever
Through my day-dream, and I never
Can cross the Styx in peace until I see its distant shore.
My ghost, for that fair vision,
Would forsake the fields Elysian
To wander up and down thy banks,
  Dear Delaware, once more.

Since I sailed away from Jersey
I have seen the Rhine and Mersey,
And ploughed the salty seas between the Indus and the Seine.
Scenes were picturesque and pretty
As we neared each foreign city;
But for charms like thine, old Delaware,
  I've looked, and looked in vain.

I have joined his deep-sea chanty,
But my sympathy was scanty
For the man who longed to see once more the wild Missouri's
    strand;
Or, with dreams of home before us,
Each man helped to swell the chorus
Of that more outlandish chanty:
  "Bound away for Rio Grande."

With pale phosphorescence flashing
From our rowlocks we went dashing
Through brine as clear as crystal 'neath a tropical full moon.
Through pure ether we seemed going,
While, like flowers beneath us growing,
Gleamed the pink and pale-green corals
  Of a beautiful lagoon.

The scene was so celestial
It would spiritualize the bestial,
Or make the roughest sailor like a pensive poet dream.
But our native place, we love it
And the sky that bends above it;
So I was wishing that lagoon
  Was my own native stream.

Let the Scotch and Irish man on
The banks of Clyde and Shannon
Extol the streams whose waters are as dear to them as wine;
Let the man of London glory
In his Thames long famed in story.
Each for his own, the sea for all;
  The Delaware is mine.

Not because I first saw light there,
And my fancy first took flight there,
Would I fondly waste a day to watch again its ebb and flow;
But reflected from its water
Is thy face my *dolce Mater.*
Whose spirit soared to a sphere
  Above it, long, long years ago.

Long before I heard the preachers
And perused the mystic teachers,
A symbol, crude but natural, it mutely showed to me:
In its ebbing and its flowing,
With its vessels coming, going,
It plainly pictured human life—
  Time and Eternity.

SAVED BY A FLASH

On the Southern coast of Africa I got my closest call
And learned that the hand of Providence is over and guiding all.
Pursuing through pitch-like darkness there a turbulent unknown path,
Under a heavily clouded sky and the Storm-god's rising wrath.
Night, tempest, the Indian Ocean, every heart on board that ship
Held a secret fear and private prayer that dared not pass the lip.
Having lost his bearings, our captain had decided his course to shape
West-by-South, with the wind abaft, expecting to clear the Cape,
As staggering under her shortened sails our sturdy vessel sped,
In surging billows at every plunge immersing her lee cat-head,
The windward waves, like hounds in chase, came racing and wildly broke
With a sullen roar and drenching shower over ribs of English oak.
As if refreshed by each sweeping sea right on to the next she'd pass,
While our captain clung to the rail and yelled: "Go it, my bonnie lass!
Keep up this gait, my beauty, and the Cape we shall soon be 'round.
Go it, Cyrene, my bonnie lass! Ah! thou knows thou'rt homeward bound!"
And then, with a lengthening face, aloft an anxious eye he'd cast,
As he heard the ominous creaking of each stout but straining mast.
Then again he shouted, "My bonnie lass!" and clapped his hands and laughed,
When a sea came booming across the bows and swept her fore and aft.
Such intense delight in wind and wave does the deep-sea sailor take,
Though engulfing seas before him roll, and the gale shrieks in his wake,
There's naught in the work of sky and sea can his joyous spirit quell;
His heaven is plenty of sea-room, and the land his dreaded hell.
The rumble of distant thunder soon we heard, but beheld no sight
Save the surging foam, our spectral sails, and the binnacle's dim light.

The wind was changing to fitful gusts that made our storm-sails strain,
But we carried on, expecting the lull that comes along with rain.
Presently, just above our heads, broke a brilliant sheet of flame,
And a thunder crash that shook the ship as if from her hold it came:
A burst of electric splendor lighting the sea for miles around
The barque Cyrene, of Sunderland, from Kurrachee homeward bound.
'Twas only a glimpse that flash revealed, but we needed nothing more,
Of Death awaiting us, dead ahead, on a terrible rock-ribbed shore;
And being in no great hurry to start playing a heavenly harp,
"Hard down with the helm," the captain bellowed, "and brace the yards up sharp!"
With that lightning flash and a cloud-burst down the rain began to pour,
And the wind lost half its fury as her head swung from the shore;
But a gleam of the false dawn showed us we were running parallel
With the jagged shape of the stormy Cape and the deep-sea sailor's hell.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Electricity is a Spirit indefinable by man
And a Spirit at times controls it as no mortal ever can.

KURRACHEE

Beefy British maids are ignorant, we've heard their Bard declare;
And refined ones—deadly vampires, rags and bones and hanks of hair.
He in India finds a paragon, and strangely couples her
With flirtatious Tommy Atkins—which is just another slur.
Yet the deadly vampire sex for such knocking little recks;
A lashing from a he-poet seems to please far more than vex.

Rudyard Kipling's Mandalay as a soldier's song will pass
When the female of his species is the female of his class.
The soldier and the sailor find a female with a past
As a rule. But I found something that was decency or caste
Where a brown or yellow skin might be difficult to win
With a kiss from Tommy Atkins or from Jack before the mast.

In Kurrachee on the Indus, when no wrinkles marked my brow,
I met a Bengal maiden and am thinking of her now.
I'm wishing I was young again and Fate would order me:
"Sail again, you Yankee sailor, sail again to Kurrachee."
Where on the upgrade rail the freight cars carry sail,
And return down grade to wharves against the constant Monsoon gale.

The girl was eighteen years of age, and I was twenty-two;
So I began performing, as young fellows always do.
But I was barred from kissing her by—what do you suppose?
A ring and brooch-like ornament that dangled from her nose.
She'd walked hand-in-hand with me through the streets of Kurrachee,
But she wouldn't let me touch that. " 'Tis a sacred thing," said she.

Now, whether she believed in Buddha, Islam, or the Brahm,
I never thought to ask her for I didn't care a dam.
I only know she kept me from imbibing much that day,
And was willing to enjoy life in a decent sort of way,
In the port of Kurrachee where she spent the day with me;
Where the sailor—as in every port—goes looking for a spree.

She enjoyed the fruit and ices and some tonic drinks she had,
But at Wine and Brandy shook her head, and said, "No, no; that's bad."
Before we parted I was taught to use some self-restraint.
Say, Shipmate: were you ever up against a heathen saint,
In the port of Kurrachee where the British barracks be,
Or in any port where sailors go ashore to have a spree?

From mischief all the day that heathen girl kept me aloof,
And I slept that night beneath her father's hospitable roof.
The female of his species does not use a sailor so.
Her skin was cocoa-colored, but her soul was white as snow.
In the port of Kurrachee where I might have met a she
Just as deadly as a cobra, had she joined me on a spree.

I'd sail back to where the heathen by the hypocrite is knocked.
In Civilization's Cradle have my second childhood rocked.
Such is my respect for Virtue in the Sunset of my life,
Spite of nose-ring and complexion I would make that wench my wife.
Where the constant Monsoon gales fill the loaded freight car sails
Down life's grade we'd go together with the faith that never fails.

THE OLD TIME MAN O'WAR

Written in 1905, when the remains of John Paul Jones were brought from France to this country in a modern battleship. First printed in the New Bedford Evening Standard.

I dreamt the spirit of Paul Jones searched with an anxious eye
Among the modern battle-ships, and thought I heard him sigh.
"Where are the old-time men o'war?" thus spake the ghostly lips.
"The Constitution——where is she and her graceful sister-ships?

"Those guns, I see, are longer far; but hardly have the bore
Of the kind that used to thunder from the wooden walls of yore.
Ah! those were days when ships were ships and sailor-men could sail,
And there was no ugly smokestack with its dark and dirty trail.

"It would make the ancient Vikings sad if from their long deep sleep
They could wake and rise to see these modern wonders of the deep.
They'd sink back to their ocean beds beneath a weight of grief,
To see Romance and Beauty cast forever on the reef.

"No prettier sight was ever seen between the sky and sea
Than a full-rigged ship with all sail set and the wind a-blowing free.
It would hardly bring more pleasure to the old sea-rover's eyes
If she proved to be an enemy and was doomed to be his prize.

"I know the times demand them now, these floating iron forts,
To sweep the seas in time of war and blockade foreign ports;
But how I'd love to see once more the tapering pitch-pine spar,
The stu'n'sail spread and royals set on an old-time man-o'war.

"It was in such a ship they should have brought my body o'er;
For in such a ship I used to bring my prizes to this shore.
With pride and pomp, with smoke and steam, they merely brought my bones.
The old-time cruiser would have brought the spirit of Paul Jones."

THE GHOST IN THE CROSSTREES

Do I believe in ghosts? Well, shipmate, p'r'aps I would
But for what I once experienced on board the "Flying Scud."
That disgusted me with ghostly sights and sounds and all such nonsense;
And I've never been prevailed upon to listen to such stuff once since.
I'll tell ye how it happened, mate: We were bound to the west'ard, and
Were a leetle to the suth'ard and east'ard of the banks of Newfoundland,
When one of those nasty sou'west squalls came down upon us hummin',
And would 'a taken us flat aback if we hadn't seen it comin'.
It didn't last so long, but while it *did* you bet your life
It blew so blarsted hard the spray would cut you like a knife.
It blew the hats from off our heads and blew our hair off, too.
Now, what are you a lookin' at? You don't b'lieve it's true?
Can't you see that I'm bald-headed? Ain't that proof enough for you?
If not, I can go and bring you some more of the old "Scud's" crew.
Now, we had a parrot aboard that ship, and Polly was her name;
And she was blown to loo'ard by the very first puff that came.
We watched her strugglin' against the wind till she was out of sight,
Borne away on the crest of a billow into the darkness of the night.
We were sorry to lose poor Polly; the bird was a pet ye see;
Had been with us the voyage afore, and could swear quite fluently.
Well, after the squall blew over the wind shifted round, and then
We got a stiff breeze from the nothe and east, and we set all sail again,
But it soon set in to freshen till 'twas blowin' a moderate gale.
Still, it was a fair wind for us, you know, and we hated to shorten sail;
So we carried on to the very last, and 'twas much against our will
That we took in the fore and mizzen topg'a'nsails while the wind blew harder still.

It blew too hard for anything but topsails; so, at last,
We were forced to clew the main-topga'n'sail up, or lose the mast.
Said the mate, "Lay up and furl it, boys!" at the word an active man
Leaped lightly into the rigging and up the ratlines ran.
He was followed by three others, which made in all four men;
But he was the first to the crosstrees and was clamberin'up them when
A solemn and sepulchral voice struck on his startled ear
With, "Holy Moses, shipmate, it's a blowin' hard up here!"
Well; if ever any sailor down a topmast backstay slid
So quickly that he burned his hands, that sailor surely *did.*
And when he safely reached the deck he faced the mate and said:
"I'd rather jump right overboard than cross that topmast head!
For in that topmast crosstrees there's a ghost, as sure as fate!"
"Hold yer tongue, you superstitious lubber!" said the mate.
"Such a blarsted fool as you are *should* jump overboard, by gum!
And here's the others down on deck! Now, what's the matter? Come!"
The other three were white as ghosts, and each held up his hand.
"There is a ghost up there," they said; "and he swears to beat the band!"
Said the mate, "I want that sail furled up afore it's blown away.
This is just a loafin' dodge of yours. Now, git aloft! or stay!
I'll go up first and show you timid *girls* the way."
So sayin', up my bold mate went; not a bit afeared was he,
He reached the crosstrees, looked around, but nary ghost could see.
But almost in his very ear a voice muttered low and soft:
"Damn my eyes! but here's the *mate* a-comin' up aloft!"
Lord! A man more terrified you never saw, my friend.
He 'most let go his hold and fell; his hair stood straight on end;
His teeth were rattlin' like castanets; his face was pale as death;
And when he got down on deck he was completely out of breath.
Says he, "Don't mind a-going up—I b'lieve there *is*—a speerit—
A-foolin' round them crosstrees, boys; I certainly did hear it.
Don't go up, boys; dam the sail! It's more'n our lives is worth.
That voice is a voice of warnin', and it don't belong to earth."
So we stayed on deck a-trembling, and presently—Crack! Snap!
Down came the main topgallant mast, broken off at the very cap.
Down it came by the run; and, amidst the general wreck,
Our lost and mourned poll parrot came a-tumblin' to the deck!
Thunder struck? It's no name for it. We were fairly *taken aback,*
And looked as sheepish as legs of mutton hung up on a butcher's rack.

When we thought how that ere poll parrot scared us out of our wits a'most
We all of us swore to never more b'lieve a yarn about a ghost.
Polly was slightly stunned by her fall, but as soon as she found her voice
She said, "Somebody gimme a hardtack, for I'm dam hungry, boys."
How did she come to git up there? Why, a very nat'ral cause.
If ye'd listened to what I told ye, ye'd see just how it was.
She was blown away by a sou'west squall; the wind veered round and then
Away came the gale from due nor'east, which blew her back again.
She brought good luck with her, too; for we soon got the nor'east trade
Which carried us clear to Hatteras, and a very good trip we made.

THE FISHERMAN'S MOTHER

The hour was late, but I could not sleep.
I sat here listening to the roar
Of the angry sea as it lashed the shore;
Praying, as only a mother can pray,
For the safe return of my only son
Who had sailed away at the break of day
To win, as his father before him won,
His daily bread from the briny deep.

I sat here listening to the roar
Of the angry sea as it lashed the shore,
Hearing no sound but the tempest's din,
When the latch was lifted and Jack walked in.
He walked to his old place near the stove,
Then turned and faced me. Heaven above!
When will that picture leave my mind?
Though my eyes with age are growing dim,
The eyes of the soul will ne'er grow blind.
I can hardly see you, but I still see him.
His clothing was drenched, his head was bare,
And sea-weeds clung to his dripping hair.
My heart stood still with a strange, cold thrill.
Oh! the mournful eyes and the ghastly cheek!
My hands I clasped—something I gasped:
His pale lips moved, but he did not speak.
Without one word he walked to the door,
Then turned, and gazed upon me once more;
And then—I fell fainting upon the floor.

Next morning the neighbors broke the news
Which the night before, my boy had made known.
I had nothing more in this world to lose,
And ever since then I have lived alone.

THE SKIPPER'S SPOOK

Night was brooding on the wave,
  And distant was the land
Where we laid our skipper in his grave.
  The mate was in command.

Onward dashed our gallant craft,
  The wind was fair and strong;
The mate walked proudly fore and aft
  Nor dreamed that aught was wrong

But suddenly, why did he stop?
  Why did he stare in wonder?
A voice came from the mizzentop:
  "Below there! Stand from under!"

Though the mate was bold, his blood ran cold,
  And his flesh began to creep.
'Twas the voice of one whom he knew was gone—
  Gone to his last long sleep.

"All clear below!" he cried, "let go!"
  His answer was too rash;
For a coffin, black as hell's smokestack.
  Came down with an awful crash.

Fear gave each cheek an ashen hue,
  And palsied every limb.
The mate stood staring at the crew;
  We stood and stared at him.

At length he spoke:
  "There will befall bad luck if here we leave it.
Lay hold, my hearties, one and all,
  And overboard we'll heave it."

What seaman true at duty's call
  Was ever known to flinch?
We seized and lifted, one and all,
  But could not raise an inch.

"Together lift," the boatswain said,
  "Or the ship is doomed to wreck!"
But alas! 'twas either filled with lead,
  Or fastened to the deck.

And though, as at a mainsail's bunt,
  Our chantyman did sing:
"Yo ho, heave O!" it was no go.
  We couldn't budge the thing.

Then from within a deep voice came:
  "I am the captain's spook.
There's no one here whom I can blame;
  But bring on deck that cook!"

Soon out the trembling cook we dragged
  From his snug hiding place.
Fain would he behind have lagged;
  We saw it in his face.

We brought him where the coffin lay,
  And mystery seemed to lurk,
And heard the voice within it say,
  "Wretch! behold your work!"

Down on his knees the steward went,
  And raised a fearful cry:
"O captain, captain, I repent!
  I know it was that pie!"

The ghost spake: "Vengeance I don't crave,
  But for square justice pine.
The pies that sunk me in the grave
  Must sink him in the brine.

Now lash him to my coffin—tight,
  That he may not get free;
Then lift it—you will find it light—
  And fling it in the sea."

Moral: Let cooks, if pies they cannot make, forget not this galoot; nor undertake, like him, to bake the leaden substitute.

THE CHANTY OF LABOR

What can he see in the workshop dim
Of nature's beautiful scenery?
How can the voice of the Muse reach him
Above the din of machinery?

His fancy roams in a fairy land
While his hands are working wearily.
He hears the songs of a spirit band,
And tries to join them cheerily.

Thus on the main when seamen strain
At fish-and-cat fall laboriously,
Their chorus above the rattling chain
Rings o'er the waters gloriously.

Thus Labor and Song go hand in hand,
As honor goes with true bravery;
And he who can't join the chorus grand
Is toiling in abject slavery.

A CAPSTAN'S CHANTY

Homeward Bound

Fare you well, you Chilian girls;
As round and round the capstan whirls,
  While we the anchor weigh,
We know your cheer's unfailing—
That we won't leave you wailing,
For other ships are sailing
  For Valparaiso Bay.

And Jack well knows a yellow rose
That in the soil of Texas grows—
  And that's our native land.
The Rio Grande our goal is.
She's wondering if you stole us.
For you she will console us
  When we reach the Rio Grande.

Perhaps we may return some day
Again to Valparaiso Bay,
  And when on shore we land
You will be there to greet us.
No Texan girl's as sweet as
The dark-eyed Senoritas
  Of the sea-swept Chilian Strand.

Now, goodby all. We heave one pawl,
Obedient to the boatswain's call.
  The anchor's on the cat.
Our loosened sails are fluttering;
Impatiently seem muttering.
Our chantyman is uttering
  The halliard tune for that.

THE HALLIARD CHANTY

Now handle the halliards and spread the ship's wings;
  Yo! Ho! homeward we go!
Keep time with the chantyman; swing as he sings:
  Blow, blow! ye foreign winds blow!

Farewell to the harpies defiling yon shore;
  Yo! Ho! homeward we go.
We're happy because we're returning once more
  Home, home to the harpies we know.

Some go to their sweethearts and some to their wives;
  Yo! Ho! homeward we go;
And some to the crimps who will lead them to dives;
  Ho! Ho! what money they'll blow!

In the loosened sail flapping against the bare mast;
  Yo! Ho! homeward we go!
One seems to hear, "Papa, my papa at last!"
  Blow, blow! ye foreign winds blow!

To another, untroubled by family cares—
  Yo! Ho! homeward we go!
It sounds like his sweetheart's skirts tripping upstairs—
  Blow, blow! ye foreign winds, blow!

There's no more at present to sing or to say—
  Yo! Ho! homeward we go!—
For now the sail's hoisted; avast and belay!
  Blow, blow! ye foreign winds blow!

A SHADOW

The noonday sun shone full upon
A stately obelisk, raised to one
Whose fame was founded on his skill
To manage armies—maim and kill.
While thus admiringly we read—
Or rather, thus interpreted
The praise engraved upon its face—
A Shadow crept forth from its base,
As mother Earth, abashed by Day,
Ashamed of her breastpin, turned away;
Turned to conceal it from our sight
Under the friendly cloak of Night.
As slowly 'round towards Night she swept
The lengthening shadow slowly crept
Along the sward, until the sun
Was under the skirts of her horizon.
Where was the monument's shadow when
The sun went down? The Shadow then
With deeper shades of Night was blent,
Prophetic of the monument.

NEW BEDFORD

I've been a rover this queer world over
  From town to town with but little rest,
By land and water; my Time's grim Slaughter
  Uninterrupted by Wisdom's quest.
But of all the towns where my work could prop me,
  There was not one where I cared to stay
Till Death should stop me, until, Chance dropped me
  Down in New Bedford, near Buzzards Bay.

In Philadelphia, New York and Boston
  I've met some genial light-hearted men;
But smug decorum much time was lost on,
  For they were merry just now and then.
But the true Bohemian—the bright care-free man—
  Whose genius turns labor into play,
Joy's nimbus round him, I've always found him
  Down in New Bedford, near Buzzards Bay.

Now, in strange towns pondering, my mind goes wandering,
  Back to the Whale Town and happier times,
Ere financial fakirs and panic makers
  Forced me to seek less congenial climes.
I've never counted the hours as wasted
  In her joyous club-rooms with comrades gay,
Nor as sins repented the pleasures tasted
  Down in New Bedford, near Buzzards Bay.

There dwells Joe Dawson, the mayor-elector,
  And he's a brewer of honest beer;
While Jim Smith's Ale is ambrosial nectar,
  Compared with soap-suds and bug-juice here.
Though the wise and holy frown down such folly,
  Black melancholy flies far away
From fun made frisky by Wheaton's whiskey
  Down in New Bedford, near Buzzards Bay.

'Twas there that, dreaming of the hardy seaman
  Who from her port once a-whaling went,
I wrote a ditty that stirred the city
  From dreams of Commerce to Sentiment.
But my fancy never through Dreamland drifted
  So far as to think I would see the day
When the Whaleman Statue with harpoon lifted
  Would grace New Bedford, near Buzzards Bay.

'Mong the wise and witty of the old Whale City
  I had acquaintances by the score,
But with Memory only I am now quite lonely
  As one marooned on a barren shore.
Among the strangers so long I've tarried
  My bones may molder 'neath alien clay;
But they'll rest in peace if my heart be buried
  Down in New Bedford, near Buzzards Bay.

L' ENVOI

Some old camaradas I'm told are shadows,
  But in the sphere where their bright souls are
Their congregation is a constellation,
  For each while here was a special star.
Were it convenient to my present station
  My merry work-mates who passed away;
I would drench your graves with a wine libation
  Where mournful shadows of the cypress lay.

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